The BLIND MAN'S EYES

By William MacHarg
Edwin Balmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
R. H. Livingstone

days before. The mere prolonging of his stay in the West was more than suggestive that affairs among the powerful were truly in such state as Warden had proclaimed; this attack upon Santoine, so similar to that which had slain Warden, and delivered within eleven days of Warden's death, must be of the gravest significance.

Connery stood overwhelmed for the moment with this fuller recognition of the seriousness of the disaster which had come upon this man intrusted to his charge; then he turned to the surgeon.

"Can you do anything for him here, Doctor?" he asked.

The surgeon glanced down the car. "That stateroom—is it occupied?"

"It's occupied by his daughter."

"We'll take him in there, then."

The four men lifted the inert figure of Basil Santoine, carried it into the drawing room and laid it on its back upon the bed.

"I have my instruments," Sinclair said. "I'll get them; but before I decide to do anything, I ought to see his daughter. Since she is here, her consent is necessary before any operation on him."

"Miss Santoine is in the observation car," Avery said. "I'll get her."

The tone was in some way false—Eaton could not tell exactly how. Avery started down the aisle.

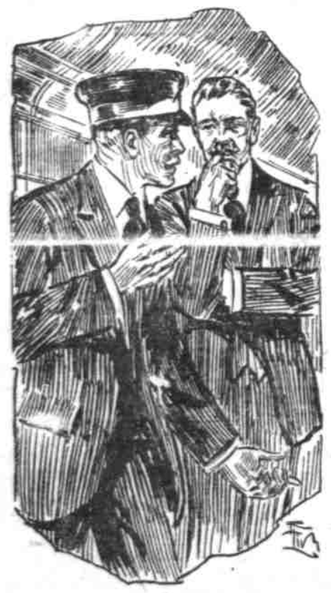
"One moment, please, Mr. Avery!" said the conductor. "I'll ask you not to tell Miss Santoine before any other passenger that there has been an attack upon her father. Wait until you get her inside the door of this car."

"You yourself said nothing, then, that can have made her suspect it?" Eaton asked.

Connery shook his head; the conductor, in doubt and anxiety over exactly what action the situation called for—unable, too, to communicate any hint of it to his superiors to the west because of the wires being down—clearly had resolved to keep the attack upon Santoine secret for some time. "I said nothing definite even to the trainmen," he replied; "and I want you gentlemen to promise me before you leave this car that you will say nothing until I give you leave."

His eyes shifted from the face of one to another, until he had assured himself that all agreed. As Avery left the car, Eaton found a seat in one of the end sections near the drawing room. He did not know whether to ask to leave the car, or whether he ought to remain; and he would have gone except for recollection of Harriet Santoine. Then the curtain at the end of the car was pushed further aside, and she came in.

She was very pale, but quite controlled, as Eaton knew she would be.



"Can You Do Anything for Him Here, Doctor?" He Asked.

She looked at Eaton, but did not speak as she passed; she went directly to the door of the drawing room, opened it and went in, followed by Avery. The door closed, and for a moment Eaton could hear voices inside the room—Harriet Santoine's, Sinclair's, Connery's. The conductor then came to the door of the drawing room and sent the porter for water and clean linen; Eaton heard the rip of linen being torn, and the car became filled with the smell of antiseptics.

Donald Avery came out of the drawing room and dropped into the seat across from Eaton. He seemed deeply thoughtful—so deeply, indeed, as to be almost unaware of Eaton's presence. And Eaton, observing him, again had the sense that Avery's absorption was completely in consequences to himself of what was going on behind the door—in how Basil Santoine's death or continued existence would affect the fortunes of Donald Avery.

A long time passed—how long, Eaton could not have told; he noted only that during it the shadows on the snowbank outside the window appreciably changed their position. Finally the door opened, and Harriet Santoine came out, paler than before, and now not quite so steady.

Eaton rose as she approached them; and Avery leaped up, all concern and sympathy for her immediately she appeared. He met her in the aisle and took her hand.

"Was it successful, dear?" Avery asked.

She shut her eyes before she answered, and stood holding to the back of a seat; then she opened her eyes, saw Eaton and recognized him and sat down in the seat where Avery had been sitting.

"Doctor Sinclair says we will know in four or five days," she replied to Avery; she turned then directly to Eaton. "He thought there probably was a clot under the skull, and he operated to find it and relieve it. There was one, and we have done all we can; now we may only wait. Doctor Sinclair has appointed himself nurse; he says I can help him, but not just yet. I thought you would like to know."

"Thank you; I did want to know," Eaton acknowledged. He moved away from them, and sat down in one of the seats further down the car.

Soon he left for his own car, and as the door was closing behind him, a sound came to his ears from the car he just had left—a young girl suddenly crying in abandon. Harriet Santoine, he understood, must have broken down for the moment, after the strain of the operation; and Eaton halted as though to turn back, feeling the blood drive suddenly upon his heart. Then, recollecting that he had no right to go to her, he went on.

CHAPTER VII

Suspicion Fastens on Eaton.

Eaton found his car better filled than it had been before, for the people shifted from the car behind had been scattered through the train. Keeping himself to his section, he watched the car and outside the windows for signs of what investigation Connery and Avery were making. Whoever had attacked Santoine must still be upon the train, for no one could have escaped through the snow. No one could now escape. Avery and Connery and whoever else was making investigation with them evidently were not letting anyone know that an investigation was being made. Eaton went to lunch; on his way back from the diner, he saw the conductors with papers in their hands questioning a passenger. They evidently were starting systematically through the cars, examining each person; they were making the plea of necessity of a report to the railroad offices of names and addresses of all held up by the stoppage of the train.

Eaton started on toward the rear of the train.

"A moment, sir!" Connery called.

Eaton halted. The conductor confronted him.

"Your name, sir?" Connery asked.

"Philip D. Eaton."

Connery wrote down the answer. "Your address?"

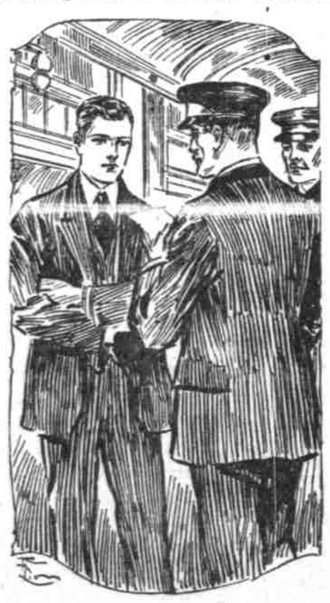
"I—have no address. I was going to a hotel in Chicago—which one I hadn't decided yet."

"Where are you coming from?"

"From Asia."

"That's hardly an address, Mr. Eaton!"

"I can give you no address abroad. I had no fixed address there. I was traveling most of the time. I arrived



"Your Name, Sir?" Connery Asked.

in Seattle by the Asiatic steamer and took this train."

"Ah! you came on the Tamba Maru."

Connery made note of this, as he had made note of all the other questions and answers. Then he said something to the Pullman conductor, who replied in the same low tone; what they said was not audible to Eaton.

"You can tell us at least where your family is, Mr. Eaton," Connery suggested.

"I have no family."

"Friends, then?"

"I—I have no friends."

"Nowhere?"

"Nowhere."

Connery pondered for several moments. "The Mr. Hillward—Lawrence Hillward, to whom the telegram was addressed which you claimed this morning, your associate who was to have taken this train with you—will you give me his address?"

"I don't know Hillward's address."

"Give me the address, then, of the man who sent the telegram."

"I am unable to do that, either."

Connery spoke again to the Pullman conductor, and they conversed inaudibly for a minute. "That is all, then," Connery said finally.

He signed his name to the sheet on which he had written Eaton's answers, and handed it to the Pullman conductor, who also signed it and returned it to him; then they went on to the passenger now occupying Section Four, without making any further comment.

Eaton told himself that there should be no danger to himself from this inquiry, directed against no one, but including comprehensively everyone on the train. When the conductors had left the car, he put his magazine away and went into the men's compartment to smoke and calm his nerves. His return to America had passed the bounds of recklessness; and what a situation he would now be in if his actions brought even serious suspicions against him! He finished his first cigar and was debating whether to light another, when he heard voices outside the car, and opening the window and looking out, he saw Connery and the brakeman struggling through the snow and making, apparently, some search. Presently Connery passed the door of the compartment carrying something loosely wrapped in a newspaper in his hands. Eaton finished his cigar and went back to his seat in the car.

As he glanced at the seat where he had left his locked traveling bag, he saw that the bag was no longer there. It stood now between the two seats on the floor, and picking it up and looking at it, he found it unfastened and with marks about the lock which told plainly that it had been forced.

He set it on the floor between his knees and checked over its contents. Nothing had been taken, so far as he could tell; for the bag had contained only clothing, the Chinese dictionary and the box of cigars, and these all apparently were still there. He had laid out the things on the seat across from him while checking them up, and now he began to put them back in the bag. Suddenly he noticed that one of his socks was missing; what had been eleven pairs was now only ten pairs and one odd sock.

This disappearance of a single sock was so strange, so bizarre, so perplexing that—unless it was accidental—he could not account for it at all. No one opens a man's bag and steals one sock, and he was quite sure there had been eleven complete pairs there earlier in the day. Certainly then, it had been accidental: the bag had been opened, its contents taken out and examined, and in putting them back, one sock had been dropped unnoticed. The absence of the sock, then, meant no more than that the contents of the bag had been thoroughly investigated. By whom? By the man against whom the telegram directed to Lawrence Hillward had warned Eaton?

Ever since his receipt of the telegram, Eaton—as he passed through the train in going to and from the diner or for other reasons—had been trying covertly to determine which, if anyone, among the passengers, was the "one" who, the telegram had warned him, was "following" him. For at first he had interpreted it to mean that one of "them" whom he had to fear must be on the train. Later he had felt certain that this could not be the case, for otherwise any one of "them" who knew him would have spoken by this time. Now his suspicions that one of "them" must be aboard the train returned.

The bag certainly had not been carried out the forward door of the car, or he would have seen it from the compartment at that end of the car where he had sat smoking. The bag, therefore, had been carried out the rear door, and the man who had opened it, if a passenger, must still be in the rear part of the train.

Eaton, refilling his cigar-case to give his action a look of casualness, got up and went toward the rear of the train. A porter was still posted at the door of the Santoine car, who warned him to be quiet in passing through. The car, he found, was entirely empty; the door to the drawing room where Santoine lay was closed.

He went on into the observation car. A few men and women passengers here were reading or talking. Glancing on past them through the glass door at the end of the car, he saw Harriet Santoine standing alone on the observation platform. The girl did not see him; her back was toward the car. As he went out onto the platform and the sound of the closing door came to her, she turned to meet him.

She looked white and tired, and faint gray shadows underneath her eyes showed where dark circles were beginning to form.

"I am supposed to be resting," she explained quietly, accepting him as one who had the right to ask.

"How is your father?"

"Just the same; there may be no change, Doctor Sinclair says, for days. It seems all so sudden and so—terrible, Mr. Eaton."

Eaton, leaning against the rail beside her and glancing at her, saw that her lashes were wet, and his eyes dropped as they caught hers.

"They have been investigating the attack?"

"Yes; Donald—Mr. Avery, you know—and the conductor have been working on it all day. They have been questioning the porter."

"The porter?"

"Oh, I don't mean that they think the porter had anything to do with it; but the bell rang, you know."

"The bell?"

"The bell from Father's berth. I thought you knew. It rang some time before Father was found—some few minutes before; the porter did not hear it, but the pointer was turned down. They have tested it, and it cannot be jarred down or turned in any way except by means of the bell."

Eaton looked away from her, then back again rather strangely.

"Is that all they have learned?"

"No; they have found the weapon."

"The weapon with which your father was struck?"

"Yes; the man who did it seems not to have realized that the train was stopped—or at least that it would be stopped for so long—and he threw it off the train, thinking, I suppose, we should be miles away from there by morning. But the train didn't move, and the snow didn't cover it up, and it was found lying against the snow bank this afternoon. It corresponds, Doctor Sinclair says, with Father's injuries."

"What was it?"

"It seems to have been a bar of metal—of steel, they said, I think, Mr. Eaton—wrapped in a man's black sock."

"A sock!" Eaton's voice sounded strange to himself; he felt that the blood had left his cheeks, leaving him pale, and that the girl must notice it. "A man's sock!"

Then he saw that she had not noticed, for she had not been looking at him.

"It could be carried in that way through the sleepers, you know, without attracting attention," she observed.

Eaton controlled himself. "A sock!" he said again, reflectively.

He felt suddenly a rough tap upon his shoulder, and turning, saw that Donald Avery had come out upon the platform and was standing beside him; and behind Avery he saw Conductor Connery. There was no one else on the platform.

"Will you tell me, Mr. Eaton—or whatever else your name may be—what it is that you have been asking Miss Santoine?" Avery demanded harshly. "Harry, what has this man been saying to you?"

"Mr. Eaton?" Her gaze went wonderingly from Avery to Eaton and back again. "Why—why, Don! He has only been asking me what we had found out about the attack on Father!"

"And you told him?" Avery swung toward Eaton. "You dog!" he mouthed. "Harriet, he asked you that because he needed to know—he had to know! Harry, this is the man that did it!"

Eaton's fists clenched; but suddenly, recollecting, he checked himself. Harriet, not yet comprehending, stood staring at the two; then Eaton saw the blood rush to her face and dye forehead and cheek and neck as she understood.

"Not here, Mr. Avery; not here!" Conductor Connery put his hand on Eaton's arm. "Come with me, sir," he commanded.

Eaton thought anxiously for a moment. He looked to Harriet Santoine as though about to say something to her, but he did not speak; instead, he quietly followed the conductor. As they passed through the observation car into the car ahead, he heard the footsteps of Harriet Santoine and Avery close behind him.

TO BE CONTINUED

EXECUTE 3 MORE REBELS IN DUBLIN

Government's Answer to Opposition Protests in Dail.

GUILTY OF CARRYING ARMS

Free State Officers Capture Rebel Documents Showing That Irregulars Intended to Destroy Communication Throughout Ireland.

Dublin, Dec. 1.—The government's answer to the opposition protests in the Dail Eireann was the execution of three more rebels here. The men were captured Oct. 30 after participating in an attack on Orle, house, headquarters of the criminal investigation department. They were tried by a court martial on Nov. 14. The rebels executed were Joseph Spooner, caught with a revolver; Patrick Farrell, caught with a bomb, and John Murphy, caught with three bombs.

Rebel Documents Captured.

Minister of Defense Mulcahy announced to the Dail that the Free State forces had captured documents showing the irregulars' intention of destroying communications throughout Ireland within six weeks. Roads were to be blocked, canals rendered useless, railroads cut, railroad bridges and stations destroyed and trains wrecked.

Treaties and constitutions have failed to convince many Irishmen, always suspicious of England, that the old enemy is really leaving. However, a small advertisement in the morning papers has awakened Dublin to the approaching historic event. A firm of accountants announces that all claims against the lord lieutenant must be presented before Dec. 6. The military unit makes a similar announcement.

All British to Leave.

The British evacuation of Dublin will begin Dec. 12 and will be completed before Christmas. No other British are stationed in southern Ireland except in the Pettigo and Beleek sectors, which were occupied last June. These will be evacuated on Jan. 5 and will be reoccupied by the Free State.

SURVEY FAVORS 8-HOUR DAY

Harding, Reviewing Report, Says Longer Period Has Outlived Usefulness.

New York, Dec. 2.—The twelve-hour day and the type of worker it produces have outlived their usefulness in American life, President Harding declares, commenting on the report of the committee on work periods in continuous industry of the Federated American Engineering Societies.

The committee, after two years of investigation of more than forty continuous industries, including steel and iron, found that the twelve-hour day was not an economic necessity. These findings, President Harding says, represent his "social viewpoint."

BRITAIN HALTS SCRAPPING

England to Wait Until the United States Begins, Financial Secretary Tells Commons.

London, Dec. 1.—Great Britain has decided not to scrap any more warships until the United States and the other nations which signed the treaty for the limitation of armaments made at the Washington conference, have scrapped their share, Commander Eyre Monsell, financial secretary to the admiralty, announced in the house of commons.

MAN WITH NEW GLANDS WINS

"Lifer" in California Prison, 73 Years of Age, Winner of Thanksgiving Race.

San Quentin, Cal., Dec. 1.—John Ross, seventy-three, won the 50-yard dash for men past sixty-five years of age at the annual Thanksgiving Day track and field meet at the state prison here. Ross underwent a gland transplanting operation last year. Seven men condemned to death witnessed the festivities.

BRITAIN REPAYS $132,000,000

That Amount Has Been Received by the U. S. Since Last April, Says Exchequer.

London, Dec. 1.—Since April Great Britain has paid the United States $30,500,000 inteerst and $101,500,000 on principal of her debt, it was stated to commons by Stanley Baldwin, chancellor of the exchequer. It has not been decided whether the $50,000,000 paid November 15 will apply on interest or principal, he added.

Six persons were killed when two army airplanes collided near Newport News.

Three moonshine stills were captured and destroyed in the southern end of Jefferson county on the new cut road and two men arrested.

A number of five-dollar- counterfeit bills on the Reseave Bank are in circulation in Louisville.

It is estimated that 75,000 people saw Harvard defeat Yale in football by a score 10 to 5.

At the second dinner at the White House Clemanceau almost ignored Senator Lodge.